

Elmwood

By Journal Field Representative

Have Easter Dinner

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Bohn near Eagle was the scene of a very pleasant gathering of friends on Easter Sunday. The members of the party comprised: Albert Dehning of Weeping Water; Adolph Shrader of Palmyra; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Winters of Eagle; Mr. and Mrs. James Mills and family of Murdock; and Martin Mills of Syracuse.

Sustains Serious Injuries

William Grost, who has for years engaged in railroad work, serving as a track worker, suffered a severe injury at his home. He was walking around the house and slipped and fell, with the result that he fractured the upper bone in one of his legs and also a joint in the thigh. He was taken to the Bryan Memorial hospital for care. His age makes his recovery the matter of much doubt.

J. A. Boyd of Murdock was a business visitor in Elmwood on last Tuesday to secure supplies for his store.

Have Easter Services

The four churches of Elmwood combined their musical departments for an Easter night service, presenting the cantata, "Our Risen Lord and King." The cantata was presented at the Methodist church that has a large seating capacity.

Returns from Lincoln

Mrs. Eva Bailey, who has been making her home in Lincoln, the past few months, also receiving treatment for her health, is back home.

Ray Parcell recently sold his farm in this community and has made

the purchase of a home near Eagle. The real estate market seems quite brisk.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rouse are the parents of a fine baby girl born at a Lincoln hospital.

Arthur Lorenz and wife entertained on the farm Easter, his parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Lorenz and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Clements.

Mrs. Vance Balfour of near Nehawka was visiting for the day, last Monday, at the home of Mrs. M. W. Waltz, they being long time friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Stanton were visiting for the week end at the home of Mrs. Stanton's mother, Mrs. Pearly Williams.

South Bend

Special Journal Correspondence

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Winget were Sunday dinner guests of her mother, Mrs. Emma Calder. The Winget children returned to their home in Havelock after having spent their Easter vacation with their grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hoffman, Arnold and Beth were Sunday dinner guests at the Wm. Blum home. Milton returned home after having spent his Easter vacation with his aunt and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Blum of Omaha were Sunday dinner guests at the Martin Zaar home.

Easter Sunday dinner guests at the Lem McGinnis home were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bradley and son, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Mannen and family and Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGinnis.

Mrs. Lucy Livers called on Mrs. Axel Zaar Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dill drove to Omaha Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Long have gone to Oregon where Mr. Long will be employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Blum of Omaha and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dill, Jamie and Janice Ann, were Sunday evening callers at the Wm. Blum home.

Miss Margaret Thieman of Omaha came Saturday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Ida Thieman.

Darlene Gans of Lincoln returned to her home Sunday after having spent a few days at the Bernard Dill home.

Harry Long went to Chicago to attend the graduation exercises of his grandson, Sam Long, who has completed his training at the Great Lakes Naval training center.

Phillip Kline, who has not been feeling so well, was enjoying a few days visit from his brother, Jake, of Fairbury.

Mr. M. E. Bushnell, precinct assessor, drove to Plattsmouth to turn in his schedules. Mr. Bushnell, for several years has been among the first assessors in the county to complete his work. This year, we hear, he was No. 1. A very good record. We believe Mr. Bushnell is probably the oldest man holding the position in this county.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blum, Herbert and Helen, attended the A. A. L., meeting at the Paul Kupke home, Monday evening.

A letter was received by friends of Sgt. Glen Weaver, saying he is located somewhere in the New Hebrides Islands—not far from Guadalcanal.

George Dill of Springfield was a supper guest at the Bernard Dill home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan and family of Manley were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Campbell, and Mrs. Cora Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Campbell spent Sunday with relatives in Elmwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Peterson of Ashland were Sunday dinner guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carnicle. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Haswell

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Kinney of Alvo were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles Tuesday.

Pvt. Lloyd Mick is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mick, for ten days.

The L. C. C. met with Mrs. Blanche Downing, Thursday, for a one o'clock desert luncheon.

Mrs. Harold Mason and Clark, of California, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles and other relatives.

A nine-pound son was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Maher, April 23.

Miss Betty Ann Card returned home last Friday from a two months visit in New York.

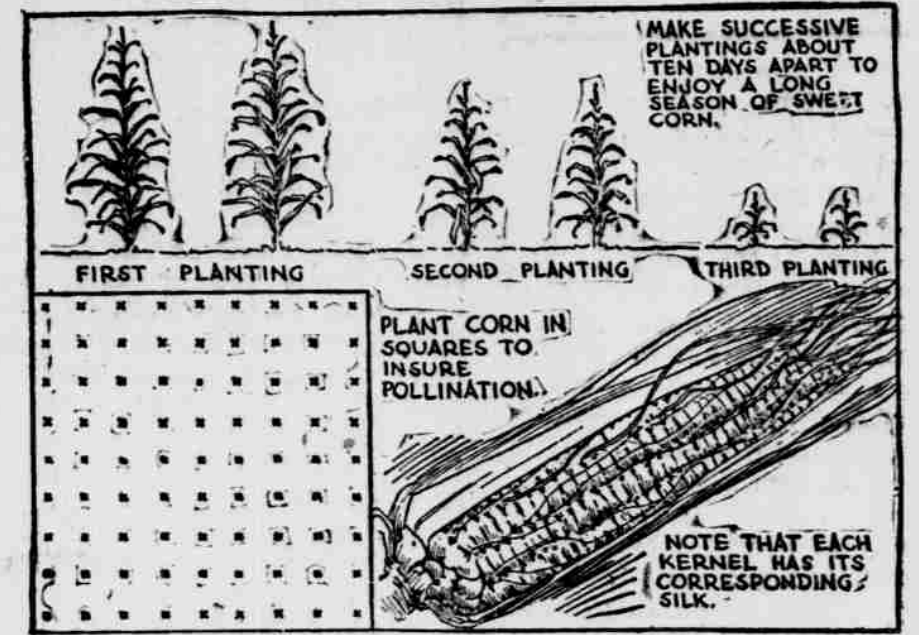
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Word was received that Maniel Pailing, of California, has passed away. Mr. Pailing was a former resident of Greenwood.

Jolly Jokers met Friday afternoon with Mrs. Dorothy Cameron, Pincoble was played at three tables.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles, Mrs. Harold Mason and Clark, went to Havelock Friday evening to help little Janice Keller celebrate her fifth birthday.

Sweet Corn at Best Grown In Victory Gardens



Since we eat only the seed of sweet corn, discarding the rest of the large plant, the yield is small for the space occupied. Many gardeners are willing to make a sacrifice in order to enjoy even a small amount of this superlative food, which only home gardeners can enjoy at its best. In markets, since it is impossible to get sweet corn in less than a day after it has been picked, half its sugar has been turned to starch, with corresponding loss of flavor.

A patch of sweet corn in a space fifteen feet square in normal weather should yield ten dozen ears. This is approximate, of course; each stalk bearing at least one ear, and some of them bearing two.

For the gardener who wants the finest sweet corn rather than the largest ear or heaviest yield, successive plantings of Golden Bantam will give the greatest satisfaction except in locations where disease resistance is required. The season during which a sowing of this corn is at its best is ten days at most; so not more than a 10 days' supply for your family should be sown at one time.

Hybrid sweet corn has both advantages and disadvantages. It gives a larger ear, and thus a heavier yield, coupled with a shorter season, and not quite so delicious a flavor. Most hybrids are disease resistant, and more vigorous than Golden Bantam, but they require more room and richer feeding to produce their heavier crop. If hybrids are chosen, it is a good plan to sow three or four strains, with differing maturity dates, at the same time and thus prolong

and Artis were afternoon callers. Lt. Allen H. Blum and flight officer Jarvis were in Omaha April 5, and continued to Colorado Springs the 6th. They were enroute from Patterson Field, Ohio, ferrying P-38 planes. Lt. Blum was sent to Hopkinsville, Ky., A. A. B., to participate in Tennessee maneuvers. He is in the observation squadron. His address is: Lt. A. H. Blum, Hopkinsville, A. A. B., Camp Campbell, Kentucky, c/o 106 Observation Squadron.

Friends of Lloyd Towle of Lincoln have heard that he is now stationed somewhere in India. Lloyd is a grandson of the late Helena Timm.

Miss Ruth and Esther Kupke entertained a group of friends at a pinocchio party Friday evening. Prize winners were Mr. and Mrs. L. T. McGinnis, Mrs. Chas. Fosberg and John Cordes.

A delicious lunch was served at a late hour.

MOTHER'S The Best Cook!

You bet she is! She buys quality foods for good cooking at Hinky - Dinky. SHE knows her groceries.

ORANGES	Florida Seedless Sealdsweet	dozen	36¢
	200-216 Size	dozen	47¢
	150-176 Size	dozen	47¢
GRAPEFRUIT	Florida Seedless Merium Size	each	6¢
CELERY	FLORIDA JUMBO Well Bleached	stalk	25¢
CARROTS	CALIFORNIA GREEN TOP	Large bunch	6¢
APPLES	Fancy Washington WINEAPS	Pound	15¢
ONION PLANTS	WHITE or YELLOW	bunch	10¢

SANTA CLARA PRUNES	BUY QUALITY MEATS	LEADWAY NOODLE SOUP MIX
90-100 SIZE	A T HINKY-DINKY	Reg. Pkg. 9¢
2 Lb. Cello 23¢		

SOUP MIX	LIPTON'S Chicken Noodle	3 Reg pkgs	25¢
7 Blue Pts. Ea.	KRAUT WHOLESOME	2 No. 2 cans	25¢
14 Blue Pts. Ea.	PEAS GREAT NORTHERN GIANT SWEET	2 No. 303 cans	25¢
	CORNFLAKES MILLER'S CRISPY	11-oz pkg.	8¢
	SHREDDIES NABISCO CEREAL	2 Reg pkgs	23¢
	AEROWAX	6-oz size 15¢ 32-oz size 45¢	16-oz size 25¢

HINKY-DINKY

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective May 4 through May 6 subject only to market changes on Fresh Fruits and Vegetables. We reserve right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.

SEASONED TIMBER

by DOROTHY CANFIELD

CHAPTER V SYNOPSIS

Timothy Hulme, principal of a good but impoverished Vermont academy, lives a studious bachelor existence with only his Aunt Lavinia for company. They take their meals at Miss Peck's. Timothy makes friends with a new teacher, Susan Barney, and her younger sister, Della. Now Timothy has received a letter from a disagreeable trustee of the academy, Mr. Wheaton, calling him to New York.

The afternoon before this trip to the city, Timothy came into the house late. Without taking off his overcoat, without turning on a light, he dropped down on the chair in the hall corner, closed his eyes and tried to relax.

But the house was not quiet. From Aunt Lavinia's room overhead came a disorder of sounds—a young alto voice starting a scale over and over, only to be cut short at si by a querulous cry from an old soprano.

The door of the room upstairs opened and closed. Timothy got to his feet, intending to meet Susan on the stairs. But the quick rush of light young feet meant two people, not one. Oh, yes, the sharp little Della was spending the Christmas vacation with Susan and had probably come along to the music lesson.

Timothy was proud of his girl. "She's got more understanding in one finger than little Della has in all her brains."

But driving to the Peck house for dinner that evening he said, "See here, Lavinia, couldn't you jump down Susan's throat a little less about her music?"

"She flung her head up angrily. 'Dinna talk about what ye know nothing about. I'm mild as violets and new milk with that gir-rl!'"

Miss Peck's table was vacation small again, with only Mrs. Washburn, Mr. Dewey, the two from the Principal's house, and the two Barney sisters. Susan in her blue-gray apron, was just filling the water glasses. When she saw Timothy she set down the pitcher and fluttered toward him, crying, "Oh, Mr. Hulme! Mr. Hulme!"

"That's my name," he admitted, looking down at her glowing face. "Della and I've just had a letter from Cousin Ann in the Bronx and she says we can stay overnight with her and have a whole day in New York and we can afford to if you'd let us ride down and back on the back seat of your car."

He hardly heard what she said for gazing at her. For an instant he did not answer.

"Now, Tim," said Aunt Lavinia, severely, "don't be so like your father. Take the gir-rls along. Why not?"

Making a rendezvous with the Barney girls for dinner the next evening, Timothy Hulme left them far up town at the Peck house, Ann's ring-and-walk-up apartment house, and drove on to his own small old hotel near Washington Square.

It was late. He went to bed, but every time he turned restlessly over he saw only two young provincials with hats that were uncouth because they showed an amount of forehead that was right last year, not this year. But he was tired and finally fell asleep.

He had meant to take, at least two days, perhaps three, for his various errands, but had hastily revised his trip to suit the Barney girls, planning to do by letter or telephone most of the things he had thought to do in person. Even so, the day ahead of him was formidably full. After a shuddering glance at the headlined news of Fascist bombing of civilians in Spain and yet more Nazi savagery in Germany, he laid down the paper to plan his comings and goings. In the barber's chair he sat somberly dreading his call on Mr. Wheaton, rebuking by his inattention the barber's urban grin over the length and odd cut of his hair. And when, close trimmed and clipped and shaven, he stood up to go, he tipped the man, firmly, unapologetically, a dime and nickel, no more.

Shrugging his overcoat on absent-mindedly, he looked at his memorandum to verify the address of the chic hotel where he was to meet a mother who had written to propose her son as a student.

Of course the fact that Mrs. Bernstein wanted her boy to leave the expensive New Jersey prep school and enter another, even before the end of the first semester, meant that something was the matter with young Jules. But it might turn out to be something which a needy rural academy could afford to overlook.

The door opened, Mrs. Bernstein came in. She assumed at once the manner of friendship. He wanted just one thing from her, to know what was the matter with Jules, and as he expected that was the thing she had no intention of telling him. Had Jules passed all his examinations? "Oh, yes, indeed, Professor Hulme, you'll find him a very bright student. Why, I've had teachers tell me that they never had such a—"



"Which ones of your last exams did you flunk?" asked the school-teacher.

Professor Hulme interrupted her flatly with his request to see the boy's report card.

"Oh, I have it right here, Professor Hulme. I knew that with a careful person like you that would be the first thing you'd ask for." The card came out from a pet-point bag on her satin lap.

He gave one look at it. "But, Mrs. Bernstein, there are no marks on it for the before-vacation examinations."

"Ah, that's your experienced eye, Professor Hulme, to see that at a glance. Ha! Ha! Ha! Anyone can see that you know all about it."

At last he broke through by raising his voice to say, "Well, then I'd like to see his report card for the last year."

"Oh, really? Let me see. I don't believe I have kept it. Living in a hotel . . . you country people with your great roomy houses and attics, you can't imagine that it is for us poor city people with no place . . ."

Making no pretense that he was not interrupting her, he said, "Mrs. Bernstein, I'm afraid I'll have to telephone to Brentwood to get your son's record. I could get it in a few minutes."

"Well," she said in agitation, "I'll see—I might be able to find it."

After a moment of search in the desk drawer she drew the missing card out and reluctantly showed it. It had, of course, a record of the results of examinations taken before the last Christmas vacation. Professor Hulme laid it down on the elegant little desk and looked at Jules' mother—from the North Pole.

She threw herself on his mercy. She was a widow, she cried brokenly, giving her whole life to her fatherless boy. All she wanted was his happiness. If she had tried to deceive the professor, it was as any mother would lay down her life for her child, for . . .

After a time, "What was the matter with Jules' examinations this year?" asked Mr. Hulme.

"I'll let you talk to Jules himself. But—she put both hands over her face—"before you see him, I'll have to confess that . . . I've been ashamed to tell you before . . . I simply can't pay your full tuition rates. . ."

Her face still buried in her hands, she laid her head on the table. "It's absolutely impossible, because . . . the depression has wiped out . . . not a single . . . my poor, poor boy, he's . . ."

Mr. Hulme reached silently for his hat and turned towards the door.

"Wait! Wait!" cried the woman behind him, and ran out past him into the hall, calling "Jules! Jules!"

Out of a door at the other end of the long hall a tall, thin, stooped lad of fourteen emerged and came slowly towards them over the long strip of red carpet. He held himself badly, he walked clumsily. His mother ran to meet him, enveloping him in an emotional embrace. Over her head he looked at the visitor out of melancholy hazel eyes.

He said wearily, but gently, in a little boy's treble not yet changed for all his height, "Now, Mamma, now there, Mamma . . ."

"Hello, Jules. How do you do?" said Mr. Hulme in the first natural tone he had used. He stepped forward, holding out his hand.

The boy took it in a nervously taut grip. He tried for a manly bluntness with a "How do you do, Mr. Hulme," but his eyes cried, "Oh, rescue me! Help me to escape!"

"They turned back into the expensive sitting room and sat down. "Which ones of your last exams did you flunk?" asked the school-teacher.

"All of them."

"What was the matter?"

"One of the kids in the dorm had a cello his mother made him take to school and I got to fooling around with it and never studied a lick for a month." His voice cracked ludicrously from treble to

base on the last phrase.

His mother flung up her hands, opened her mouth to cry out, and was cut short by Mr. Hulme saying, "All right, Jules, come along to Vermont. If you'd like to try us, we'll give you a try."

Mr. Hulme was a little late for his appointment with Mr. Wheaton but this gave him no concern, part of the Wheaton technique being to make callers wait—those who were not moneyed. After rising twenty-four stories in a Gothic elevator and finding his way through marble lined corridors to Mr. Wheaton's velvet carpeted Italian Renaissance outer office, he sat looking down at his hat on his knee, bracing himself for the encounter before him.

"Mr. Wheaton will see you now, Mr. Hulme."

With an inward, "Oh, he will!" Professor Hulme followed the streamlined secretary into the Presence and was placed in a Louis XV armchair (which had cost, he had often calculated as much as two months of his salary). The two men, silently despising each other, shook hands and exchanged greetings.

Then the Principal got to business, he began his report, in a moment was being told that he had made an enormous mistake in admitting a Jewish boy as a student.

T. C. said in a rather loud voice, to run no risk of not being heard, "This particular boy I've just accepted struck me as very likable, and—for a boy—civilized. In my opinion it is a good thing to give our isolated Vermont young people some contact with natures that have good points different from their own."

"How do you mean—civilized?" Mr. Wheaton challenged him. "One of those precious, smart-aleck book-worms, I suppose."

"Here's where I get his goat!" thought the school-teacher, yielding to a cheap temptation and aloud, with a poker face, said seriously, "I wouldn't say he was bookish. I was referring to a certain sensitive fineness of personality—the gentler to a tiresome mother than any Yankee boy would be—and he has a living perception of musical values. To come in contact with these qualities would be very wholesome for the esthetic ignorance and blunt roughness of most of our Vermont students."

He sat back, smiling inwardly. To push one of the buttons which made Mr. Wheaton go into the air gave Timothy Hulme a malicious pleasure he could not resist—the pleasure of contempt.

"Let me tell you, T. C., let-me-tell-you, that we want no effete European party ideas corrupting our American boys into—"

But the trouble with making Mr. Wheaton roar was that the sound of his voice, no matter what it said, always tuned to a higher pitch his certainty of being right. What he was shouting about the value of plain old-American-stock character by God compared to the slippery superfluities of the arts, pleased him so much that by the time he stopped to pour himself a glass of water from the silver-mounted thermos bottle he felt a mellow man-of-the-world compassion for the poor teacher from the backwoods.

When the time came for the usual hand-to-hand battle over salaries and wages, the fight was hotter even than usual, the second dip of the depression and troubles with investments serving as plain proofs of the rightness of Mr. Wheaton's ideas of thrift.

Mr. Wheaton, running his eye down the faculty names, frowned, cried, "All that money for a teacher of Domestic Science. (He made the words a sneer). "That's just poppycock, T. C. The place for girls to learn homemaking is at their mother's knee. Now cut out those two salaries for that fool Manual Training and Domestic Science and there'd be enough to pay a real salary to a crack-jack athletic coach that'd put my dear old school on the map."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AVOCA

By Journal Field Representative

Mrs. J. F. Ruhge and Miss Anna Ruhge were in Weeping Water Wednesday for the funeral of Miss Mayme Hillman. The deceased, who passed away in Davenport, Iowa, was a relative of Mrs. and Miss Ruhge.

UNION ITEMS

By Journal Field Representative

Union 4-H Club

The Union Feeders 4-H Swine Club met April 27, at the home of George Lutz. The lesson was on Selection and Farrowing of Swine. The guests were Mrs. Harley Morton, Mrs. Fred Baker and Bonnie Bell, Miss Ganzel, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and son, Mrs. Nels Madson and Nancy Lou, and Anton Stratker. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will be held on May 25th, with Robert Morton.

Lawrence Lutz, Reporter

Greenwood

Special Journal Correspondence

Mrs. Henry Myers, age 71, passed away Friday. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, at the home and at the Greenwood Methodist church, with interment in the Greenwood cemetery. Rev. Harold Newfield and Rev. Roy Magnuson, conducted the last rites. Mrs. Edith Finley sang, accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Greer. The pallbearers were E. A. Landon, John Lambert, Earl Stratley, George Schuster, Charles Dyer, and Jack Gribble.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Palm, Mrs. Ann Bellinger and Lee Fleming, of Omaha, called at the W. M. Kelly home Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Talcott, mother of Lyman Marvin, fell and broke her hip, at her home in Fremont. She is in a Fremont hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Wallace. Marian and Leonard, of Friend, were supper guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles Tuesday evening.

Perly Clymer, who is very ill at St. Elizabeth's hospital in Lincoln, has had several blood transfusions this week.

Mrs. W. M. Kelly, and Dorothy Maher were in Lincoln Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Kinney of Alvo were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles Tuesday.

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